Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH

A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

SYNOPSIS.

—10—

Adele la Chesnayne, a belle of New France, is forced into marriage with Commissaire Cassion, henchman of Governor La Barre, who is plotting to oust La Salle and his garrison from the frontier Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois river. Adele had overheard the plotters say she had inherited a great fortune from her father and they had kept it from her. La Barre and Cassion learned of the girl's knowledge—thus the marriage and the hurried departure of Cassion and a company for Fort St. Louis. The bride refuses to share sleeping quarters with her husband. She has but one friend, young Rene D'Artigny, a guide. He is chary of helping her. Chevet, the girl's uncle, one of the party, is found murdered. A fierce storm scatters and wrecks the boats. Adele is rescued.

There comes to Adele an opportunity to escape a long life worse to her than the death which she has just escaped. Yet the spell of her marriage vow—forced though it was—has a strong influence. The pendulum of misfortune has reached the end of its swing and seems to be returning to center. You will find much of interest and the unfolding of a new mystery in this installment.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Lie still a moment," said a voice gently. "You will breathe easier shortly and regain strength."

I knew my fingers closed on the man's hand convulsively, but the water yet blinded my eyes. He must have perceived this for he wiped my face with a cloth, and it was then I perceived his face clearly, and remembered.

"The Sieur d'Artigny!" I exclaimed.

"Of course," he answered. "Who else should it be, madame? Please do not regret my privilege."

"Your privilege; 'tis a strange word you choose, monsieur," I faltered, not yet having control of myself. "Surely I have granted none."

"Perchance not, as there was small chance," he answered, evidently attempting to speak lightly. "Nor could I wait to ask your leave; yet surely I may esteem it a privilege to bring you ashore alive."

"It was you then who saved me? I scarcely understood, monsieur; I lost consciousness, and am dazed in mind. You leaped into the water from the canoe?"

"Yes; there was no other course left me. My boat was beyond yours, a few yards farther out in the lake, when the storm struck. We were partially prepared, for I felt assured there would be trouble. Never did I feel more deadly blast; no craft such as ours could face it. We were to your left and rear when your canoe capsized, and I bore down toward where you struggled in the water. An Indian got grip upon you as we swept by, but the craft dipped so that he let go, and then I jumped, for we could never come back, and that was the only chance. This is the whole story, madame, except that by God's help, I got you ashore."

I looked into his face, impressed by the seriousness with which he spoke.

"I—I thank you, monsieur," I said, and held out my hand. "It was most gallant. Are we alone here? Where are the others?"

"I do not know, madame," he answered, his tone now that of formal courtesy. "'Tis but a short time since we reached this spot, and the storm yet rages. May I help you to stand, so you may perceive better our situation."

He lifted me to my feet, and I stood erect, my clothes dripping wet, and my limbs trembling so that I grasped his arm for support, and glanced anxiously about. We were on a narrow sand beach, at the edge of a small cove, so protected the waters were comparatively calm, although the trees above bowed to the blast, and out beyond the headland I could see huge waves, whitened with foam, and perceive the clouds of spray flung up by the rocks. It was a wild scene, the roar of the breakers loud and continuous, and the black clouds flying above with dizzy rapidity. All the horror which I had just passed through seemed typified in the scene, and I covered my face with my hands.

"You—you think they—they are all gone?" I asked, forcing the words from me.

"Oh, no," he answered eagerly, and his hand touched me. "Do not give way to that thought. I doubt if any in your canoe made shore, but the others need not be in great danger. They could run before the storm until they found some opening in the coast line to yield protection. The sergeant was no voyageur, and when one of the paddles broke he steered wrong. With an Indian there you would have floated."

"Then what can we do?"

"There is naught that I see, but wait. Monsieur Cassion will be blown south, but will return when the storm subsides to seek you. No doubt he will think you dead, yet will scarcely leave without search. See, the sky grows lighter already, and the wind is less fierce. It would be my thought to attain the woods yonder, and build a fire to dry our clothes; the air chills."

I looked where he pointed, up a narrow rift in the rocks, yet scarcely felt strength or courage to attempt the ascent. He must have read this in my face, and seen my form shiver as the wind struck my wet garments, for he made instant decision.

"Ah, I have a better thought than that, for you are too weak to attempt the climb. Here, lie down, madame, and I will cover you with the sand. It is warm and dry. Then I will clamber up yonder and fling wood down; 'twill be but a short time until we have a cheerful blaze here."

From where I lay my head on a hummock of sand, my body completely buried, I could watch him scale the rocks, making use of the rift in the face of the cliff, and finding no great difficulty. At the top he looked back, waved his hand, and then disappeared among the trees. All was silent about me, except for the dash of distant waves, and the rustle of branches far overhead. I gazed up at the sky, where the clouds were thinning, giving glimpses of faintest blue, and began to collect my own thoughts, and realize my situation.

D'Artigny appeared at the edge of the cliff, and called to reassure me of his presence. He had his arms filled with broken bits of wood which were tossed to the sand, and a moment later he descended the rift in the wall and paused beside me.

"No sign of anyone up there," he said, and, I felt, not regretfully. "The canoes must have been blown some distance down the coast."

"Were you able to see far."

"Ay, several leagues, for we are upon a headland, and there is a wide sweep of bay below. The shore line

He Lifted Me to My Feet.

is abrupt and the waves still high. Indeed I saw no spot in all that distance where a boat might make safe landing. Are you becoming dry?"

"I am at least warm, and already feel much stronger. Would it not be best, monsieur, for us to scale the cliff and wait our rescuers there, where we can keep lookout?"

"If you feel able to climb the rocks, although the passage is not difficult. A boat might pass us by here and never be seen or know of our presence, unless we keep up a fire."

I held out my hand to him and he helped me to my feet. The warmth of the sand while it had not entirely dried my clothing had given me fresh vigor, and I stood erect, requiring no assistance. With this knowledge a new assurance seemed to take possession of me, and I looked about and smiled.

"I am glad to know you can laugh," he said eagerly. "I have felt that our being thus shipwrecked together was not altogether to your liking."

"And why?" I asked, pretending surprise. "Being shipwrecked, of course, could scarcely appeal to me, but I am surely not ungrateful to you for saving my life."

"As to that, I did no more than any man might be expected to do," he protested. "But you have avoided me for weeks past, and it can scarcely be pleasant now to be alone with me here."

"Avoided you! Rather should I affirm it was your own choice, monsieur. If I recall aright I gave you my confidence once, long ago on the Ottawa, and you refused my request of assistance. Since then you have scarcely been of our party."

"Ah," he burst forth, "I have been oftentimes nearer you than you thought. I could not forget what you said to me at that last meeting, or the appeal you made for my assistance. I realize the position you are in, madame, married by force to a man you despise, a wife only in name, and endeavoring to protect yourself by wit alone. I could not forget all this, nor be indifferent. I have been in your camp at night—ay, more than once—dreaming I might be of some aid to you, and to assure myself of your safety."

"You have guarded me?"

"As best I could, without arousing the wrath of Monsieur Cassion. You are not angry? It was but the duty of a friend."

"No, I am not angry, monsieur, yet it was not needed. I do not fear Cassion, so long as I can protect myself, for if he attempts evil it will find some form of treachery. But, monsieur, later I gave him the pledge he asked."

"The pledge! What pledge?"

"That I would neither meet, nor communicate with you until our arrival at Fort St. Louis."

My eyes fell before his earnest gaze, and I felt my limbs tremble.

"Mon dieu! Why? There was some special cause?"

"Yes, monsieur—listen. Do not believe this is my thought, yet I must tell you the truth. Hugo Chevet was found dead, murdered, at St. Ignace. 'Twas the morning of our departure, and your boat had already gone. Cassion accused you of the crime, as some of the men saw you coming from the direction where the body was found late at night, and others reported that you two had quarreled the evening before. Cassion would have tried you offhand, using his authority as commander of the expedition, but promised not to file charges until we reached St. Louis, if I made pledge—'twas then that I gave him my word."

D'Artigny straightened up, the expression on his face one of profound astonishment.

"He—he accused me," he asked, "of murder to win your promise?"

"No, monsieur; he believed the charge true, and I pledged myself to assure you a fair trial."

"Then you believed also that I was guilty of the foul crime?"

I caught my breath, yet there was nothing for me to do but give him a frank answer.

"I—I have given no testimony, monsieur," I faltered, "but I—I saw you in the moonlight bending over Chevet's dead body."

CHAPTER XIV.

We Exchange Confidences.

My eyes fell before his; I could not look into his face, yet I had a sense that he was actually glad to hear my words. There was no anger, rather happiness and relief in the gray eyes.

"And you actually believed I struck the blow? You thought me capable of driving a knife into the man's back to gain revenge?"

"Monsieur, what could I think?" I urged eagerly. "It did not seem possible, yet I saw you with my own eyes. You knew of the murder, but you made no report, raised no alarm, and in the morning your boat was gone before the body was found by others."

"True, yet there was a reason which I can confess to you. You also discovered the body that night, yet aroused no alarm. I saw you. Why did you remain silent? Was it to protect me from suspicion?"

I bent my head, but failed to find words with which to answer. D'Artigny scarcely permitted me time.

"That is the truth; your silence tells me it was for my sake you remained still. Is it not possible, Adele, that my purpose was the same? Listen to me, my girl, and have faith in my words—I am not guilty of Hugo Chevet's death. I did not like the man, it is true, and we exchanged words in anger while loading the boats, but I never gave the matter second thought. That was not the first night of this journey that I sought to assure myself of your safety."

"I know Monsieur Cassion and of what he is capable, and felt that some time there would occur between you a struggle—so at every camping place, where it was possible, I have watched. It was for that purpose I approached the Mission house. I gained glimpse within, and saw Cassion asleep on a bench, and knew you had retired to the chamber above. I was satisfied, and started to return to the camp. On my way back I found Chevet's body at the edge of the wood. I discovered how he had been killed—a knife thrust in the back."

"But you made no report; raised no alarm."

"I was confused, unable to decide what was best for me to do. I had no business being there. My first impulse was to arouse the Mission house; my second to return to camp and tell the men there. With this last purpose in view I entered the wood to descend the hill, but had hardly done so when I caught sight of you in the moonlight, and remained there hidden, watching your movements with horror. I saw you go straight to the body, assure yourself the man was dead; then return to the Mission house and enter your room by way of the kitchen roof. Do you realize what your actions naturally meant to me?"

I stared at him, scarcely able to speak, yet in some way my lips formed words.

"You—you thought I did it?"

"What else could I think? You were hiding there; you examined the body; you crept secretly in through the window and gave no alarm."

The horror of it all struck me like a blow, and I covered my eyes with my hands, no longer able to restrain my sobs. D'Artigny caught my hands and uncovered my face.

"Do not break down, little girl," he entreated. "It is better so, for now we understand each other. You sought to shield me, and I endeavored to protect you. 'Twas a strange misunderstanding, and, but for the accident to the canoe, might have had a tragic ending."

"You would never have told?"

"Of seeing you there? of suspecting you? Could you think that possible?"

"But you would have been condemned; the evidence was all against you."

"Let us not talk of that now," he insisted. "We have come back to a faith in each other. You believe my word?"

"Yes."

"And I yours."

His handclasp tightened, and there was that in his eyes which frightened me.

"No, no, monsieur," I exclaimed and drew back quickly. "Do not say more, for I am here with you alone, and there will be trouble enough when Cassion returns."

"Do I not know that?" he said, yet releasing my hands. "Still it can surely do no harm for us to understand each other. You care nothing for Cassion; you dislike, despise the man, and there is naught sacred in your marriage. We are in the wilderness, not Quebec, and La Barre has little authority here. You have protected me with your silence—was it not because you cared for me?"

"Yes, monsieur; you have been my friend."

"Your friend! Is that all?"

"Is that not enough, monsieur? I like you well; I would save you from injustice. You could not respect me if I said more, for I am Monsieur Cassion's wife by rite of Holy church. I do not fear him—he is a coward; but I fear dishonor, monsieur, for I am Adele la Chesnayne. I would respect myself and you."

The light of conquest vanished from the gray eyes. For a moment he stood silent and motionless; then he drew a step backward and bowed.

"Your rebuke is just, madame," he said soberly. "We of the frontier grow careless in a land where might is right, and I have had small training save in camp and field. I crave your pardon for my offense."

So contrite was his expression I had to smile, realizing for the first time the depth of his interest in my good will, yet the feeling which swayed me was not altogether that of pleasure. He was not one to yield so quietly, or to long restrain the words burning his tongue, yet I surrendered to my first impulse, and extended my hand.

"There is nothing to pardon, Sieur d'Artigny," I said frankly. "There is no one to whom I owe more of courtesy than you. I trust you fully, and believe your word, and in return I ask the same faith. Under the conditions confronting us we must aid each other. We have both made mistakes in thus endeavoring to shield one another from suspicion, and, as a result, are both equally in peril. Our being alone together here will enrage Monsieur Cassion, and he will use all his power for revenge. My testimony will only make your case more desperate should I confess what I know, and you might cast suspicion upon me—"

"You do not believe I would."

"No, I do not, and yet, perchance, it might be better for us both if I made full confession. I hesitate merely because Cassion would doubt my word; would conclude that I merely sought to protect you. Before others—fair-minded judges at St. Louis—I should have no hesitancy in telling the whole story, for there is nothing I did of which I am ashamed, but here, where Cassion has full authority, such a confession would mean your death."

"He believes that you feel interest in me?"

"I have never denied it; the fact which rankles, however, is his knowledge that I feel no interest whatever in him. But we waste time, monsieur, in fruitless discussion. Our only course is a discovery of Hugo Chevet's real murderer. Know you anything to warrant suspicion?"

D'Artigny did not answer at once, his eyes looking out on the white crested waters of the lake.

"No, madame," he said at length gravely. "The last time Chevet was seen alive, so far as I now know, was when he left the boats in company with Monsieur Cassion to return to the Mission house. Could there be any reason why Cassion should desire the death of Chevet?"

"I know of none. My uncle felt bitter over the concealment of my fortune, and no doubt the two had exchanged words, but there was no open quarrel. Chevet was rough and headstrong, yet he was not killed in fight, for the knife thrust was from behind."

"Ay, a coward's blow. Chevet possessed no papers of value?"

I shook my head.

"If so, no mention was ever made to me. But, monsieur, you are still wet, and must be cold in this wind. Why do you not build the fire, and dry your clothing?"

"The wind does have an icy feel," he admitted, "but this is a poor spot. Up yonder in the wood shadow there

His Handclasp Tightened, and There Was That In His Eyes Which Frightened Me.

is more warmth, and besides it affords better outlook for the canoes. Have you strength now to climb the bluff?"

"The path did not appear difficult, and it is dreary enough here. I will try."

I did not even require his aid, and was at the top nearly as soon as he. It was a pleasant spot, a heavy forest growing almost to the edge, but with green carpet of grass on which one could rest, and gaze off across the wide waste of waters. When I finally turned away I found that D'Artigny had already lighted a fire with flint and steel in a little hollow within the forest. He called to me to join him.

"There is nothing to see," he said, "and the warmth is welcome. You had no glimpse of the boats?"

"No," I admitted. "Do you really believe they survived?"

"There was no reason why they should not, if properly handled. I have controlled canoes in far worse storms. They are doubtless safely ashore beyond the point yonder. You are not afraid to be left alone?"

"No," in surprise. "Where are you going?"

"To learn more of our surroundings and arrange some traps for wild game. I will not be away long, but someone should remain here to signal any canoe returning in search."

I watched him disappear among the trees without regret or slightest sense of fear at thus being left alone. The fire burned brightly and I rested where the grateful warmth put new life into my body. The silence was profound, depressing, and a sense of intense loneliness stole over me. I felt a desire to get away from the gloom of the woods, and climbed the bank to where I could look out once more across the waters.

The view outspread before me revealed nothing new; the same dread waste of water extended to the horizon, while down the shore no movement was visible. As I rested there, oppressed by the loneliness, I felt little hope that the others of our party had escaped without disaster.

D'Artigny did not believe his own words; I even suspected that he had gone now alone to explore the shore line; seeking to discover the truth and the real fate of our companions. At first this conception of our situation startled me, and yet, strange as it may seem, my realization brought no deep regret. I was conscious of a feeling of freedom, of liberty, such as had not been mine since we departed from Quebec. I was no longer watched, spied upon, my every movement ordered, my speech criticized. More, I was delivered from the hated presence of Cassion, ever reminding me that I was his wife, and continually threatening to exercise his authority. Ay, and I was with D'Artigny, alone with him, and the joy of this was so deep that I came to a sudden realization of the truth—I loved him.

Do you believe that the love is mutual; and it is too good to be true that Cassion has drowned?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUST FORM OF WANDERLUST

Woman's Propensity for Bargain Hunting Explained by Scientist Who Has Studied the Subject.

Too long has mere man scorned the female bargain hunter, says the New York Press. Too long has he smiled indulgently or gently rallied the woman who indulges in the wild scramble or the foot-wearying pilgrimage after a "marked-down-from" to some odd-figured price just under the currency unit.

These same men have been proud of what they termed their "wanderlust." Proud have they been to recount to admiring youngsters how they ran away to sea, or took to braking on the railroad, or chased away to some Pan-American opportunity for getting rich quick.

Along comes Prof. Max Baff, bluff and to the point as to his name, and pronounces that bargain hunting is simply another form of wanderlusting. Both, he says, are due to high blood pressure of youth (not the sort of hardening arteries), and to each is due about the same modicum of pride if you want to get chesty over your blood pressure at all.

The good doctor found this out by using a sphygmometer, and to the "sphy," as the laboratory men may call it for short, bargain hunting and shipping as a stoker, suffrage stumping and adventuring for hidden treasure all look just the same.

Of course, there may be something about human beings you can't size up by using instruments that end in "meter," and sometimes the laboratory devices make stranger bedfellows than politics ever achieved. Still, Doctor Baff's conclusions sound more human than instrumental, and it is time for man to come off his call-of-the-wild perch and allow women their due for the wild thrills, the joyous adventuring, the big gamble and the delicious zest of hunting down bargains in their natural lairs.

Activities of Women.

Many Filipino women catch and sell fish for a living.

The more wealthy women in Turkey now discard their veils when receiving guests.

Women in France are chiefly employed in the food industries, textiles and metal trades.

A majority of the girl students at Smith college spend less than $800 each for all purposes in a scholastic year.

Miss Henrietta N. Corneli, twenty-one years of age, has been appointed postmistress of Rosebank, S. I., at a salary of $2,500 a year.

Coming to America two years ago from Angora, Turkey, and unable to speak a word of English, Miss Anna Tabibian, aged sixteen, a native born Armenian, will soon receive the honor of being the first Armenian girl to graduate from a Detroit school.

Family Tree.

Bacon—I see in Jamaica there are trees called "whip trees," and from these the natives make strong whips with the lash and handle all in one.

Egbert—Gee, what a family tree for some people I could mention!

Business Advantage.

"Mrs. Binks' baby is very fretful at nights, but she has one comfort."

"What's that?"

"Her husband is a professional floor walker."

THE EUROPEAN WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

August 7, 1915.

Germans attacked Kovno and Ossowetz.

French beat Germans in the Argonne and the Vosges.

Germans captured Sierock on the Bug.

Germans driven back near Riga.

Heavy figthing at Ari Burnu and Sedd-ul-Bahr, Gallipoli.

Two British and one Swedish vessel sunk by submarines.

August 8, 1915.

Germans crossed Vistula and took outlying fort of Novogeorgievsk.

Violent attacks on French at Liege repulsed with great loss.

German fleet repulsed in attack at mouth of Gulf of Riga.

German steamer Meteor sank British patrol steamer Ramsey and was blown up to avoid capture.

August 9, 1915.

Germans bombarded Kovno and Lomza.

Russians forced Germans back in Riga region.

British captured 1,200 yards of German trenches near Hooge.

British destroyer Lynx sunk by mine and cruiser India by torpedo.

Allied submarine sank Turkish battleship Barbarossa.

French aeroplanes attacked Saarbrucken.

August 10, 1915.

Austro-German forces captured Lomza.

Russians began to evacuate Kovno and Dvinsk.

British position at Anzac, Gallipoli, consolidated with Suvla bay-Anafarta front.

Zeppelins bombarded English east coast.

August 11, 1915.

Germans reached Warsaw-Petrograd railroad southeast of Ostrov.

German crown prince's army attacked strongly in the Argonne.

Italian submarine torpedoed and sank Austrian submarine U-12.

British submarines torpedoed Turkish cruiser Breslau.

German submarines sank ten allied vessels.

August 12, 1915.

Germans repulsed by Russians near Riga and near Kovno.

Siedlce captured by Germans.

Austrians repulsed Italians attacks near Zagora.

August 13, 1915.

Germans advanced toward Brest-Litovsk.

French began offensive in Arras region.

German submarine sank British transport Royal Edward in Aegean; 1,000 lost.

WORTH KNOWING

Dickinson college, Carlisle, Pa., is 132 years old this year.

One New England statistical office, the proprietor believing in fresh air, has offices that are practically out of doors, making it necessary in winter for the typists to wear gloves, and as these cause frequent errors through striking two keys instead of one, small curved sticks have been put in use with which, instead of the fingers, the keys were struck safely, one at a time.

The death rate from wounds in the war is less than one-half as great as it was a year ago. Dr. Jacques Bertillon, medical statistician in the French army, declares that by hardship and exposure the men have become so toughened that they can now stand twice as much as they could last year. Then 45 out of every 1,000 wounded died, while now less than 20 succumb.

A process has been perfected in France for applying colors to glass by heat, so that stained glass windows can be made without fastening many pieces of glass of different hues together.

Two Pennsylvania inventors have patented a slingshot with a sight to aid in aiming it.

Telescopic spectacles have been invented by a German for persons with extreme near sight.

While searching the ruins of the home of Dr. C. H. Barton, in Spencer, Mass., which was destroyed by fire, firemen found a pocketbook containing $355 in bills concealed between mattresses. Although everything else in the room was burned, the bills were undamaged.

Consul Harry G. Seltzer, at Breslau, Germany, reports that one of the Breslau tinfoil factories has succeeded in providing a substitute for tinfoil by producing zinc foil. The new product is not to be distinguished from tinfoil and is supposed to render the same service.

A wire clip, to be screwed into a door frame, has been invented for holding milk bottles out of reach of cats and dogs.

Waste steam from its municipal water and light plant is used by an Indiana city to heat its courthouse and two public schools.

Next to the United States, Germany has the greatest number of telegraph offices and the largest line mileage among nations.

In Europe the hydrogen gas which is a by-product of the manufacture of oxygen is utilized to harden oils for use in the soap industry.

Why She Worried.

"Oh, my!" sighed the sad one.

"Now what's the matter?" said the other.

"This paper says the engineers assert that only enough coal to last the world 800 years is available in Newcastle."

"Well, why don't you go down to that fortune-telling woman and find out if you're going to live over 800 years?"

MAKE BIG GUNS ABSOLETE

Western Inventor Devises an Aerial Torpedo That Gives Promise of Effectiveness.

What may eventually prove to be a highly effective war implement, and, if so, possibly render present heavy artillery obsolete for long range operations, is a self-controlled aerial torpedo that has lately been developed in Colorado. It is described in the August number of Popular Mechanics Magazine. In a general way, the instrument attempts to accomplish over land what the United States navy's new wireless torpedo does at sea. Its principle and method of operation, of course, are entirely different. As is to be inferred, it consists of a small aircraft—much like an ordinary biplane—carrying a large, high-explosive torpedo which it is designed to drop at any predetermined spot within a certain radius. The projectile, which is about twelve feet in length, forms the body of the machine and is divided into two compartments. The propeller is mounted at the front end of it, while the shaft extends through the entire torpedo to the rear compartment where an 18-horsepower motor is housed. The speed and course of the machine are regulated by means of a gyroscopic mechanism, while a timing device of some sort releases the engine containing missile at the proper instant for it to strike its target.

Porto Rico has just had the most profitable tourist season it has ever experienced.

In the United States 2,000,000 children, ten to fifteen years of age, are employed in gainful occupations.

Because a man growls at his wife it is no sign that she is afraid of him.